

HUMBOLDT.
BY ELIZABETH THOMAS.Read at the *Border*—"Humboldt Considered,"—
11th, 1863.Give me, Oh Nature, from thy sunny bosom,
A sample for thy priest, immortal made;
Let me too, pluck, with timid hand outreaching,
A laurel to him for his regal head.Slate out, Oh West! Illumined by thy rays,
Ere the cramped world look notice of thy state;
He gave the record of thy virgin grace,
And in prophetic vision saw thy fate.Ye lifted points of flame, ye wide savannahs,
Ye mighty streams of mountain mothers fed,
To you, from courtly halls and blazoned banners,
The inner deep command his footstool led.Ye fair Aurons with your shafts uprising,
Celestial architecture solved in light,
He knew the limit of the swift careering
With which you baffle the toady of night.Oh heathen World, with woes and abro'gues,
Begu the bairns and thy gifts to claim,
Keep thy best tribute for the true explores,
The Saints of study, reverend in name.And this one, from the treasury of science,
Where minds perplexed must pass with mystic sign,
Loosing the gates, with masterful compliance
Gave to the multitude her gift divine.Thus gives the great man—every footstep taken
Carries remembrance of some human need.
While the high Truth he worships, unforsaken,
Vouchsafes the light for which his labors plead.No little pomp nor futile delay delays him,
Spots on the earnest errands of the age;
He cannot pause when Kings and courtiers praise him,
Too short the daylight is, too wide the haze.A paradise was his, where bane triumphant,
The studious huckster's bane, the bane of growth;
A citadel of service, whose fair towers
Took the first message that the morning brought.Seer of the inward woe and outward blossom,
Master of laws that torture and control,
He learns, dark Mother, in thy hidden bosom,
The unimagined secret of the soul.

WHO EARNED THAT MONEY?

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

John Simons began life with nothing but a pair of hands. Hiring himself out as a common laborer, he laid up gradually small sums of money. In time, he was enabled to pay in part the price of a farm, the remainder being held upon mortgage—the interest to be paid yearly, and the principal in instalments, till the whole was liquidated.

John took to wife Mary Evans, one of the prettiest girls in the parish, and they two commenced housekeeping together. Mary brought to the establishment beds and bedding, household linen, crockery, and all the fruit of her own industry, or the wedding gifts of her parents. Both declared that a life of poverty was their bent; but both were in the hope, held up by the prevailing industry and economy, and their toils seemed light to them. John was renowned in his vicinity as the man who could do the longest and hardest day's work, and Mary soon became celebrated among the housewives for her skill and prudence in household management. Her butter was known as bringing an extra price; her bread had a remarkable flavor and fineness. She had a wonderful artlessness and skill in the cutting, shaping, and making of household garments, and her husband was wont to boast that since his marriage his clothes had cost him only one-half what they did before. As to her own dress, such was her skill in altering and mending, such her carefulness in wearing, that her personal expenses seemed scarcely a perceptible item.

John and Mary became parents of a numerous family. Six fine boys and three blooming daughters were successfully added to their household. The care of rearing all these infants was entirely borne by Mary without a servant of any kind, any diminution of her household labors, except for the first fortnight after the birth of the first child, when a good woman of the neighborhood came in to look after things while Mary was getting back her strength. But after the first fortnight, Mary went back to her work with the added care of the infant. As her children grew up, she trained them to be her helpers in the older work, and when only twelve years of age was competent to take her mother's place in the family at the birth of a little brother. These boys, when they were little, were likewise trained to household labor, and helped their mother in the house till they were large enough to make their services of value in the fields.

In time, this family became a perfect little industrial association, every member of which was working toward one end—namely: the payment of the yearly interest on the mortgage, and the gaining of a surplus wherewith to pay the principal.

But so large a family has many expenses. There were sicknesses and accidents to increase labors; there were bad crops, droughts, and all the other disappointments of farming life; and sometimes the domestic ark seemed to roll and plunge heavily, like a water-logged vessel, threatening every moment to go over. John was something of a hypochondriac, and at these times would talk bitterly about family expenses, and accuse his wife and daughters of extravagance. He fell into a way, that many of the male sex have, of regarding everything that is bought for a woman as of course a superfluity. The pretty Sunday bonnets of his blooming daughters, their nice, lady-like dresses, these little girlish ornaments, were remarked on with a savage severity. "I work hard for the money that you spend on finery," was a common saying, accepted in silence by his wife and daughters.

The fact was, that John never, in his own mind, had considered that any work his wife earned the money that paid for John's farm? If his wife performed for him the service for which he paid a tailor form, he did not know that money as really as the tailor? If John had been obliged to hire a woman to perform the labors which Mary performed in the house and dairy, how much a week would he have been obliged to pay her? And did not Mary fairly earn this sum—a fairly John earned his day's work in the field?

But suppose John had been obliged, in addition, to hire a woman, not only capable of superintending his dairy, but of training his children, and instructing them in manners—a woman, in short, who should be nurse, cook, housekeeper, and moral guardian, in addition to being taillor, seamstress, and dairy-woman—how much would he have had to pay for all these things mated, if he had been obliged to hire them by money, instead of getting them for love? So much as he would have been obliged to pay, his wife *earned* every week of her life, and ought to have had freely put into her

hands—such as a husband's gift, but as her own natural, proper earnings. It should have been her service, and the choice left with her to spend it as she pleased. Then she could, and probably would, have paid her portion to raise the mortgage and secure the farm.

But because this salary, fairly earned, has never been paid her, her husband deserves the idea that he alone has earned the money paid for the farm, and that he supported his wife and daughters.

Query: Has not his wife supported him quite as much as he has supported her?—*Hearth and Home.*

Is one of Dickens' "New Uncommercial Traveller" papers, he tells the story of the "West London Children's Hospital," a story which aims to shame the selfish lives of parents and women, whose street he must run the gauntlet of, there only by influence, and feelings as strange as that he were in a town in China." One of the old ones could not believe that Mr. Thoreau was not a peddler, the popular excuse for tripping the sons on the "light fantastic toe," but said, after all explanations failed, "Well, it makes no odds what it is you carry, so long as you carry truth along with you." One of those idiots who may be found in some of the houses, grim and silent, one might mumble, would get his gun "and shoot the damned peddler." And indeed he might have followed in the wake of a spectacle-peddler who started from the ranks of Meg Dods, in Wellfleet, the same morning—both looking after and selling spectacles. He once appeared in a mist in a remote part of the cape, with a bird tied to the top of his umbrella which he shouldered like a gun; the inhabitants of the cottage, one of whom was a man with a sore leg, were incredulous about his story, and set the traveler down for a "crazy fellow." At Orleans on the way down, he was comforted by two Italian organ boys, who had ground their harmonies from Provincetown, a hundred miles, in the sand, as fresh and gay as larks. He once stopped at a hedge-tavern, where a large white bulldog was kept in the entry; on asking the bar-tender what Cerberus would do to an earier, he replied, "Do, do, why he would tear out the substance of your pantaloons." This was a good notice not to quit the premises without meeting the rent.

He made three journeys into the Maine wilderness, two from Moosehead lake in canoes, accompanied by Indians, another to Katahdin mountain; these taught him the art of camping out, and he could construct in a short time a convenient camp sufficient for permanent use. His last excursion of this kind was to Monadnock mountain in August, 1859, having made two other excursions from the same point. He spent five nights in camp, having with him two sets to go varied views. Monadnock was the best place for the sport of the sport near Boston. The animal reached within six miles of the summit. A sentence or two may be given to this excursion of Mr. Thoreau to give a general notion of his plan. On a walk like this he always carried his umbrella, and on this Monadnock trip, when about one mile from the station, a torrent of rain came down, (the day being previously fine), when without his well-used aid, his books, blankets, maps and provisions would all have been spoiled, or the morning lost by delay. On the mountain, the first plateau being reached perhaps at about three, there being a thick, rather soaking fog, the first object was to camp and make tea, which was done at about six. Flowers, birds, lichens and the rocks were carefully examined, all parts of the mountain being visited, and as accurate a map as could be made by pocket compass carefully sketched and drawn out, in the five days spent there, with notes of the striking solar phenomena, incidents of travel and natural history. Doubtless he directed his work with the view to writing on the other mountains, and his collections were of course in his mind. Yet the room was incidental to the excursion itself, the other things collateral; the capital in use, the opportunity of the wild, free life, the open air, the new and strange sounds by night and day, the odd and bewildering rocks among which a person can be lost within a rod of camp; the strange cries of visitors to the summit; the great valley over to Wachusett, with its thunderstorms and battles in the cloud to look at, not fear; the farmers' back yards in Jaffrey, where the family cotton can be seen bleaching on the grass, but no trace of the pigmy family; the rip of night-hawks after twilight putting up dog-birds, and the dry, soft air all the night; the lack of dew in the morning; the want of water, a pine being a good deal; these and similar things make up some part of such an excursion. It is all different from anything and would be so if you went a hundred times; the fatigue, the blazing sun, the disappearance of the boiled salt beef, the face getting broiled; the pint cup never secured; shaving implement, the soap having confined its case to the damp paper in which the salt comes (and a bottle to the sure next time); your stockings dry, having taken to peat the first day; not all the books in the world, as Sancho says, could contain the adventures of a week spent in camping.—*W. E. Channing.*

THEOREAUX'S TRAVELS—WHERE HE WENT AND WHAT HE DID THERE.

Before Mr. Thoreau set out on a foot journey he collected every information as to the routes and the place to which he was going, through the maps and guide-books. For Massachusetts he had the large State map divided in county boundaries, and carried in a cover such parts as he could; he deemed this map, for his purposes excellent. Once he made himself a knapsack, with partitions, for his books and papers; india-rubber cloth, strong and large and spaced, the common knapsacks being inappropriate. The partitions were made of stout book paper. His route being known, he made a list of all he should carry, the sewing materials never forgotten, (as he was a vigorous walker and did not stick at a hedge more than an English rascal), the pounds of bread, the sugar, salt, and tea carefully decided on. After trying the merit of cocoa, coffee and like tea, tea was put down as the felicity of a walking "travel"—tearly strong, with enough sugar, made in a tin pat cup, when it may be said the walker will be refreshed and grow intimate with tea leaves. With him the botany must go, too, and the book for pressing flowers, and the guide-book, spy-glass and measuring tape—and every one who has carried a pack up a mountain, knows how every fresh celandine. He would run up the steepest place as swiftly as if he were on dry land and blow, as like an exploded purpose. He came into a town devoid of a tavern, on going to the best looking house in the place for a bed, he got one in the entry, within range of the family, and some lodgers being those of polite society, it was in some of our refined towns, there are little lodgers who arise before light and depart with the first light, or the origin of feathers in the hot-soup. Once walking in old Dunstable, he much desired the town library as C. J. Fox, and knocking as usual at the best house, went in and asked a young lady who made her appearance whether she had the book in question, he had the book produced. After consulting a somewhat like a *W. E. Channing*, he was greatly shocked to learn, a few days afterward, that with all that seeming of health she was suffering from one of the most painful and fatal of diseases. After a few weeks at Malvern she went to Edinburgh to have an operation—one of the most hopeless in surgery—performed by Sir James Simpson, and she now lies at the point of death, given up by her nearest friends, and those who should be the best judges of her condition. It may be that her strong constitution will carry her through, but no one seems to entertain the least hope, and the news of her death have already reached you.

Now comes our inquiry. Who did earn the money that paid for John's farm? If his wife performed for him the service for which he paid a tailor form, he did not know that money as really as the tailor? If John had been obliged to hire a woman to perform the labors which Mary performed in the house and dairy, how much a week would he have been obliged to pay her? And did not Mary fairly earn this sum—a fairly John earned his day's work in the field?

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THE SINGING LESSON.

BY JEAN INGELBY.

A NIGHTINGALE made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon.She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was too proud to speak;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep!A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself brush,
Though feathers hid her face;She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought this life was too long,
And wished to be like a bird."Oh, nightingale!" cried a dove,
"Oh, nightingale! what's the use;
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?"Don't skulk away from our sight
Like a common contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?Only think of all you can do,
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is ready fun,
A false note is ready fun.From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only to speak."The nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the birds;
Her song ascended like a dove,
And there she fixed her eyes.And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
Knew her little about;
And this story's a moral I know
If you'll try to find it out!

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY JEAN INGELBY.

Time wind-flower, and the violet, perished long ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the sun,But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood.Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as still such days will come,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade and glen.Now comes the calm mid-day, as still such days will come,
When the sound of dropping rains is heard, though all the trees are still;And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south-wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late bore,

And signs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

—*By Jean Ingelby.*SERIOUS ILLNESS OF CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.—A Malvern (Eng.) correspondent of the *New York Times*, writing on the 16th ult., says:

When I wrote you a few weeks ago of meeting Miss Charlotte Cushman in Malvern, and how full she seemed of life, energy, intellectual activity, and interest in art and society, talking of her long residence in Rome and the hundreds of distinguished people she met there from all parts of the world, I should have written quite differently if I had known her sad truth—the real reason of her resort to the invigorating air and sparkling waters of these beautiful hills.

I was greatly shocked to learn, a few days afterward, that with all that seeming of health she was suffering from one of the most painful and fatal of diseases. After a few weeks at Malvern she went to Edinburgh to have an operation—one of the most hopeless in surgery—performed by Sir James Simpson, and she now lies at the point of death, given up by her nearest friends, and those who should be the best judges of her condition.

It may be that her strong constitution will carry her through, but no one seems to entertain the least hope, and the news of her death have already reached you.

KNOW THAT YOU KNOW.—Henry Ward Beecher gives the following account of how he learned to speak in public:

"I first went to the black-board, uncertain, soft, full of whimpering. 'That lesson mass is too hard for me,' I said to myself.

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